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Puck

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IT DOES N'T LOOK MUCH LIKE IT.

"Has the moth of avarice, the canker of greed, so eaten into the hearts of this generation that they are unmindful of these men? God forbid!"

(From Harrison's Speech to the G. A. R. Encampment.)



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

CONCERNING
RETURNING
PROSPERITY.

THE REPUBLICAN PRESS is just now in a most embarrassing predicament. The task of explaining the bounteous blessings of a McKinley tariff becomes the soothing recreation of an idle hour, compared with the job that now confronts it. It is forced not only to soar into the realms of romantic fiction in portraying the imaginary calamities that should daily attest the decay of our prosperity under Democratic rule; but it must perform the infinitely harder feat of imparting an air of truth to its untrue tales. The money stringency of a few weeks ago made plain sailing for the Republican Press. Factories and mills and banks did close then. It was easy to insist, with a glittering show of plausibility, that the fear of a slump in money values cut no figure in the panic; and that it was wholly due to the fear that our scheme of tariff legislation was to be reformed. "It is silly to pretend," said the Republican Press, "that the present financial stringency is due to a mere scarcity of money, caused by fear that our standard of value may change; and it is the veriest nonsense to argue that a repeal of the Sherman Law will better our condition, so long as wicked Democracy is threatening to dig up the roots of our prosperity." And thus it dolefully sang the country to its ruin, while the many business failures played a fitting accompaniment. And thus it is singing to-day; but the accompaniment has changed to a livelier beat, and the result is jarring discord. No sooner had the call been issued for a special session of Congress, with the known object of repealing the Sherman Law, than there was a perceptible halt in the succession of failures that formed the burden of the Republican dirge. With the actual meeting of Congress, and the reasonable certainty of prompt relief from a threatened silver basis, stifled confidence breathed again. Then came the prompt action of the House, removing the poison from the Sherman Law by an imposing majority. In sacrilegious defiance of Republican prophecy, the money market at once became easier, a premium on currency ceased to be demanded, and industrial and commercial interests on every hand found new life. Knowing that the Senate must inevitably yield to the expressed will of its employers, the country was content to let Senatorial eloquence have its fling, and to make hay in the meantime. And this is what has brought discord into the Republican song of calamity. The Republican Press is obliged each day to devote a goodly part of its

space to recording the resumption of work in every field of industry and commerce that was affected by the late panic. The mills of the North and the mills of the South are starting up. Cautious capital has again become obliging, and labor renews its former activity. In short, confidence in the integrity of our currency being restored, the wealth of the country has been unlocked and injected into the arteries of trade. This improvement has been so marked and so universal that simple journalistic enterprise forbids the Republican Press to ignore it. But the old editorial wail continues. On the news pages we are cheered by truthful reports of the situation, under headlines like this: "Good News from Industrial Centers; Mills Resuming on All Sides; Prosperity Returns." On editorial pages we find that, "Failure is the Word; Tariff Tinkers Frighten Our Manufacturers into Suspension; A Gloomy Outlook." The Republican Press, in its present dilemma, has as much of our heartfelt sympathy as it can find use for.

CONCERNING
OUR
PENSION LIST.

Benjamin Harrison of Indianapolis delivered a speech at the G. A. R. Encampment recently held in that city, in which he insulted every man of the organization who loves honor and decency. We still refuse to believe that the Grand Army of the Republic is chiefly composed of men who seek to prostitute their patriotism. Our faith in the integrity of the Order has received some stunning blows, however, and we are forced to believe that it is at least dominated by disloyal men. Indiana lately erected a magnificent monument to her soldiers, and Indianapolis this year subscribed \$150,000 for the G. A. R. Encampment. Yet the G. A. R. insisted that the dates of the Mexican War on this monument be moved up to an obscure place on the shaft. Even with this concession, the G. A. R. changed its route and insulted the soldiers' monument by refusing to march past it. There were some Georgia and Mississippi troops in the Mexican War, consequently that war was fought by traitors. After thus shamelessly affronting every instinct of honest loyalty, these men listened to Mr. Harrison say: "Has the moth of avarice, the canker of greed, so eaten into the hearts of this generation that they are unmindful of these men? God forbid!" And in the face of the fact that this generation is paying annually one hundred and sixty million dollars in pensions—nearly one-half of its total revenues—four times as much as the combined pension lists of Europe,—to nearly four hundred thousand more men than ever enlisted in the Confederate service—twenty-eight years after the close of the war—in spite of this, no one in Mr. Harrison's audience had the spirit to get up and kick him hard and repeatedly, or even to resent the insult in a less ostentatious manner. It is hard to realize how the Grand Army of the Republic could have been placed in its present shameless attitude. Is it any wonder that the people should doubt the patriotism of men who seek to coin it? Can not the rank and file of the G. A. R. be brought to see that the element which controls it is gradually placing the Order on a par with the women who sell their bodies? This is a page of our national history that began in honor and glory and bids fair to end in disgrace,—if the honest element in the Order does not soon assert itself. As for Benjamin Harrison, the moth of dishonest partisanship, and the canker of demagogism have feasted upon his mind.

THEY'D RULE THE EARTH.



HUGH, MULDOWNEY, Rooney,
O'Callaghan, McGurk,
McGuinness, Murphy, Rooney,
O'Malley, Kelly, Burke,

O'Brien, Hughes, O'Hara,
O'Mara and McGee,
Can hang the harp of Tara
Upon the willow tree.

Home Rule is nipped and blighted,
And they content should be
With ruling these United
States from sea to sea.

"AND IS your son carrying out the scientific studies he was so fond of?"

"Well, he's studying entomology now."
"In South America?"
"No; among the gold-bugs of Wall Street."

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AN INCOMPLETE SALE.

MRS. RIFTER.—I ordered a piece of dress-goods here yesterday, and I wish to know if it has been cut yet.

FLOOR-WALKER (after investigation).—No, Ma'am, it has not; the salesman said you had n't been in yet to change your mind.

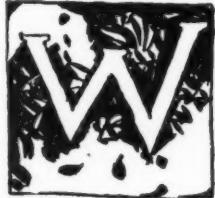


A CHEERFUL MARTYR.

BESSIE KNOX.—Mrs. Murphy, can you come and do our washing, Monday next?

MRS. MURPHY.—Sure, lady, is it washin' yez would have me be doin' nixt Monday, whin Oi 've had the rheumatiz' to sich a degrae all Summer that it's not even me own work Oi kin do? No, no, Miss. But how'd Tuesday do yez?

THE LITTLE CONVALESCENT.



WHILE WISHING that his aches and pains were dead,
And health would come his way,
He tries to make his roughly tumbled bed
A field of romp and play.

He's weary of the four white nursery walls,
And longs once more to be
As well as now he's feeling while he mauls
The patient cat in glee.

With spirits more than wild he overflows
Till all his pain is fled,
And head-over-heels along the couch he goes,
Or stands upon his head.

He rolls upon his blocks and toys until
He is a mass of lumps,
But he is overjoyed while with a will
His bulldog round him jumps.

His old, green bath-tub filled unto the brim,
He gives the toys a drink—
He gives the painted pasteboard ducks a swim
Until they melt and sink.

Then, like a soldier, on his trundle bed,
Despite implorings vain,
Upon his awful drum of gold and red
He thumps with might and main.

To catch on the rebound his rubber ball
The same he throws with vim;
If it breaks all the pictures on the wall
It's just the same to him.

He seems much like the Indian Medicine Man,
Who in his mind is sure
That direst noise is but the thing that can
Effect a certain cure.

The only time he's still is when he sleeps—
The moment that he wakes
For his tin horn and scarlet drum he leaps
And Bedlam quickly makes.

Let him discharge the shotgun if he will;
'T will prove he's mending quick;
Only when he is very good and still
We're sure he must be sick.

R. K. Munkittrick.

A MATTER OF TASTE.

SAIDSO.—Chumpley's gallery of ancestors is the bluest of the blue.

HERDSO.—One would never surmise he had blue blood in his veins.

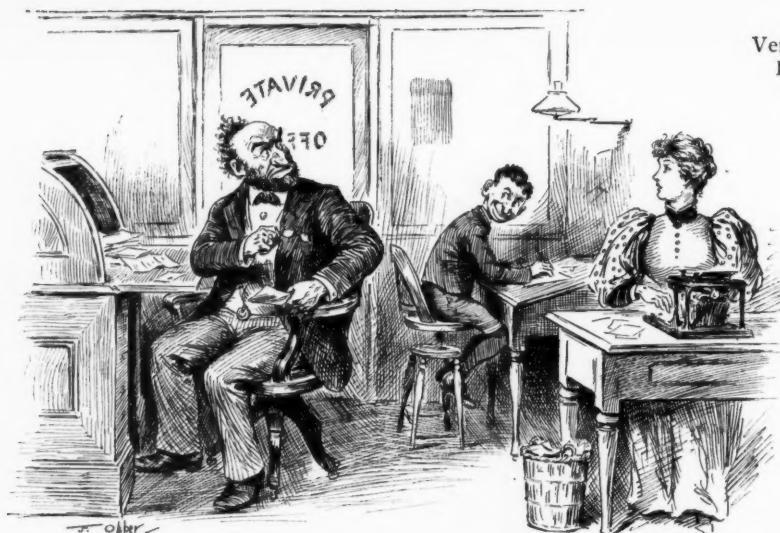
SAIDSO.—He has n't; but he knows a good ancestral portrait when he sees one.



INDISPENSABLE BRANCHES.

FATHER.—Here I'm giving you an expensive legal education
in hopes that you may eventually occupy a position on the bench,
and you spend your time going to prize-fights and horse-races!

SON.—It's a necessary part of my studies, Governor. I want
to be a police justice some day.



ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

GOLDSKI (*dictating a letter*).—My dear Mr. Schankelhausenheimer—

MISS KEYTAP.—How do you spell that name?

GOLDSKI.—S—c—h—; oh, py de vay, I dink you petter begin der letter "My Dear Sir," undt save de veer und tear on de machine.

BOBBIE ON AUTUMN.

UNTO THE poet Autumn 's beautiful
With all its trembling leaves of gold and red;
But, unto me, it always is so dull,
I'm glad when it has fled.

What is the wine-like sky that lies beyond
The smoky hills at sunset's rosy gate,
When it's too warm to freeze the old mill-pond
That I may go and skate?

And while it is too warm to slide and skate,
From the bright morn until the twilight dim,
It makes me sigh until I'm sore, to state
It is too cold to swim!

R. K. Munkittrick.

WOMAN'S TRUST.

Venice, the bride of the sea, slumbered.

In the moonlight a youth pleaded with his inamorata to fly with him.

"Let us away in my gondola!" he exclaimed, passionately.

She gazed into his love-warm eyes.

"Yea," she suddenly cried; "I am forced to trust thee! You—"

The last battlement of doubt before the citadel of her heart had been scaled.

"—won't wobble the boat, will you, dearest?"

She paused not for a reply but stepped aboard the graceful craft.

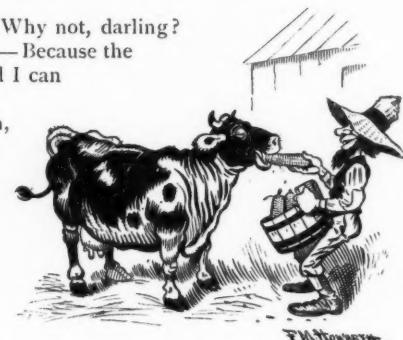
THAT WAS DIFFERENT.

FOND HUSBAND.—Three hundred dollars for a dress? It is preposterous! You can not afford to wear such clothes.

LOVING WIFE.—Why not, darling?

FOND HUSBAND.—Because the price is outrageous and I can not afford to pay it.

LOVING WIFE.—Oh, that's all right, dearie; I thought at first you said I could n't afford to wear it.



"CORNED BEEF."

LOGIC IS LOGIC.

"May I call you Mae?"

"But you have known me such a short time."

"Yes; but Mae is such a short name."

NOT ON EXHIBITION.

PHILANTHROPIST (*pushing through crowd around man who has fainted*).—What ails this man?

SMALL BOY.—He 's been out o' work fer t'ree days, an' ain't had nothin' ter eat; dat's all.

PHILANTHROPIST.—Do you know who he is?

SMALL BOY.—Yes; he 's Perfesser Bones, de sixty-day faster.

IN MANY of the remote scions of nobility there are traces of greatness. But the scions generally jump over those traces, and spoil everything.

THE PESSIMIST is a gentleman who expects to choke to death on the golden spoon born in his mouth.

MAN — MAN — MAN



EXASPERATED HUSBAND.—Mary, if you don't stop that child's howling I'll go crazy!

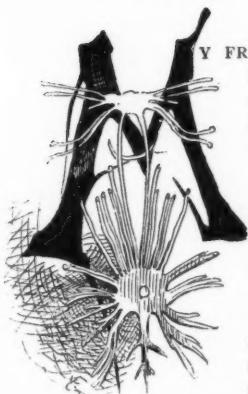


THE SAME MAN (*listening to a phonograph*).—Oh ho, ho! haw, haw, haw!

BYSTANDER.—What 's so awfully funny?

THE SAME MAN.—Haw, haw, haw! There 's a baby crying and yelling at the top of its voice, as natural as life.

WOMAN AND THE TROLLEY.



Y FRIEND, Hancock, who has recently moved over to Brooklyn, was entertaining me the other evening with his observations upon Women and Trolley Cars. To those who do not know me it may appear strange that I should have continued my intimacy with him after the exhibition of bad taste involved in his change of residence, and even have gone the length of crossing the bridge to see him, but I am one of the few who believe that friendship should mean something. And very few they are, too, in these days! As I found out when I had occasion to ask Jack Ford if he could accommodate me with a small—but that has nothing to do with Hancock.

"The Brooklyn woman has a great respect for the trolley," he explained, as I was helping myself to his choicest tobacco, which he kept in a tightly closed jar. I had previously declined some scraps from an open dish, which he offered me on the pretext that they were milder.

"She sticks close to the sidewalk," he went on; "you could n't get her into the middle of any of the trolley streets if you held a bargain sale there. And even then she does n't think she's safe. The other day I saw a woman get off a car and scuttle for the sidewalk at a terrific pace. Another car coming uptown threw her into such a state of additional panic, that she did n't stop when she had reached the curb, but continued her spurt up a side-street, looking over her shoulder now and then to convince herself that she was still at a safe distance from the wheels.

"And when I asked the conductor whether he thought that she really expected that car was going to leave the rails and chase her up Elm Place, he merely shrugged his shoulders and remarked, philosophically: 'That's wimmin!'

"But it is in getting off the cars that the Brooklyn woman comes out strong. She does n't hurry herself until her foot leaves the step, and then—she makes one wild break for safety.

"Some people thought, the trolley would solve the problem of rapid transit," continued Hancock with a sigh; "but it *has n't!* And the reason is easy to guess. We've got electric cars, but we have n't got electric women! They're just as slow as they used to be. May be slower. When a woman gets up to leave a car, she stands and counts up all her belongings, and looks on the seat to be sure she has n't left her pocket-book or gloves. Then she shakes her skirts, and waits to see if anything drops on the floor. Then she glances under the seat for a stray bundle, and looks carefully at the nearest buildings to reassure herself that this is really where she wants to get out. When she reaches the step, she stands and meditates whether she had n't better ride two blocks further and get the worth of her money. If there is another car or a wagon any where in sight she waits cautiously until it has passed, in the meantime entering into a pleasant conversation with the conductor as to why the motor-man did n't stop exactly on the cross-walk. Then she slowly puts up her parasol, gathers up her skirts—and makes a desperate plunge for the curb-stone.

"It's no use talking; you can't have rapid transit and women!"

I asked Hancock which of these two diverging blessings he felt we could least afford to dispense with; but he refused to commit himself, and related a grossly improbable tale about his being late at the office one morning, because a woman with innumerable small children had consumed so much time in alighting from the car ahead of his.

And though the conversation afterwards drifted to other subjects before I left, I was not surprised to hear him reply, when I asked him how long it would take me to walk from his rooms to the nearest elevated station:

"About as long as it takes three women to get out of a street-car!"

Harry Romaine.

BLEECKER.—Phew! Travel in a parlor car now, do you?
SUBBUBS.—Sh-h-h! I have just engaged a cook, and I want to make a good impression on her.



AN ADVANTAGE.

FRIEND.—I should think it would irritate an Irishman, with such an aversion toward anything English as you hold, to have red hair.

O'TOOLE.—Yis; but think av th' plishure Oi have av cuttin' it.

RULING PASSION.

SOLomon Isaacs.—Vell, Doctor, uf I've got to die, I die gontendet. My life vas insurert for ten thousand tollars.

DOCTOR.—I think, with the aid of tonics, I can keep you alive for a week longer.

SOLomon Isaacs.—Dond't do it, Doctor. Der premium comes due der day afder to-morrow.

HIGH CHAMBERLAIN.—Sire, a long-haired man wishes an audience.

POTENTATE.—Give him my compliments and tell him to go hire a hall.

CLAWHAMMERS—Fists.

HAMBURG—Union Square.

PIGHEADED—A Drum.

A TEA SET—The Chinese.

FIXED STARS—The American Flag's.

A TRIPLE PLAY—Three Card Mont.

OUTSIDE THE PALE—The Rouge.

SOCIETY—Truth, Gone a Masquerading.

A BATH HOUSE—Diogenes's Tub.

THE MATRIMONIAL knot quite often results in a tangle.

IT IS banking on straight tips that sends many a man straight to his tipple.



A SPECIAL OCCASION.

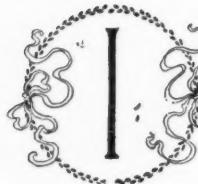


AN IRRITABLE CALLER.

THE DEVIL.—Der chief says he's got ter have dem notes on Der Manly Art o' Self-defense, P. D. Q. See?

SPORTING EDITOR.—You tell the chief he can have 'em; but he'll have to come an' get 'em himself. Lige has gone to sleep, an' he's got his feet on 'em.

THE BOOKKEEPER.



I T WAS a soldiering Bookkeeper sat on his high, round stool, And wondered if they'd alter any—base—ball—rule.

Then silently lamented that he never yet had got A good—old—bet on a sixty-to-one shot.

"Oh! I wish I'd make my 'bundle,' my 'roll,' and eke my 'bunch,'

Like the Old Man a-taking his two-hour lunch."

The cruel spite of Fortune and gross inequality He thought on for one instant, quite grievedly, perdi:

Then he rolled a wad of paper, and he rolled it round and true, And the pellet at the bill-clerk he violently threw;

When, feigning that his labor did his virtuous mind engage, He wrote a left-hand debit on the erroneous right-hand page;

Which necessitated taking an eraser bright and keen, And making that wrong entry as if it had not been.

The figures he erased were Five Hundred and Sixty-eight, And so well he did erade them he felt again first-rate.

Then, on his stool gyrating, now forth, now back again, He Thought—in deep reflective and meditative strain.

Now, turning to a salesman, he queried of the same: "Do you see so dum much merit in this Foot—ball—game?"

And shortly, with conviction: "I'll tell you what I think, Stubbs, makes for through the Summer about the finest drink."

And, ruminating onward, he asks of Mr. Stubbs, "Jever think you'd dare belong to one of these Thirteen clubs?"

Another thoughtful inquiry the bookkeeper began, When Mr. Stubbs exclaimed, "Look wild, for here comes the Old Man!"

When he instantly discarded his Wandering Willy mien To assume a deep laborousness quite painful to be seen.

And where Five Hundred and Sixty-eight he erstwhile had erased, With an air of nice exactness and industry he traced

Five Hundred and Sixty-eight. And the paper was so thin It could not be eroded and writ upon again.

Wherat—to see a fell mischance writ fast in changeless ink— The youth began to darkly brood and desperately think.

The path of Thought to trace upon its swallow-flight afar, Like tracing an elephant's trunk it is, through an ancient Punic War.

A matter labyrinthine and involved and complicate; The youth's involved reflections we shall not try to state.

Let it suffice sufficiently to say that (much up-wrought) He gave the grievous happening considerable thought,

And fully judged the matter and fixed the blame and sin, And cursed the Old Man's Picture because he had come in.

Williston Fish.

A SCHEME.

"MAY," he whispered, fondly, as they adjourned to the piazza; "I bought a house to-day in the country."

"Oh, Tom!" she murmured.

"Yes," he returned; "a beautiful little house—nice lawn—flower bed—chicken house—vine-covered piazza and trees."

"How lovely!" she cried. "And it is all ours, Tom—will be, I mean—all ours to do with just as we please? To paint whatever color we like, and select our own wall-paper?"

"Yes, my dear," he returned; "that's just it."

"And is it very far?" she asked. "Too far for Mama to travel?"

He frowned ever so slightly in the darkness.

"No," he answered; "it is quite near—I have to go to business every day, you know."

"Then, Tom," she said, gently, "it will be just the thing. We'll rent it to Papa and Mama, and live in this city house ourselves to keep it in repair—and it will be cheaper for them, for we won't charge very much rent, will we?"

And as the scheme in all its majesty burst upon Tom's mind, he answered, faintly, "No-o."

ASSERTED HERSELF.

CORONER.—You say you told the hired girl to get out of the house the minute you discovered the fire, and she refused to go?

MRS. BURNDOUT.—Yes, sir. She said she must have a month's notice before she'd think of leaving.



WHAT COULD HE DO?

MRS. NUWED.—Don't try to soothe me, sir! You have doubted my word.

NUWED.—But, my darling, you must have spent the money or lost it. Only last Monday, I see by my account book, you had ninety dollars—

MRS. NUWED.—There! there! You would sooner believe an old account book than me!

THE INDUSTRIAL INFANT'S FELLOW-VICTIM.



THE TARIFF COMMITTEE had formed their plan,
And thought that their work was o'er,
When a rough-looking sort of a seafaring man
Pushed in through the open door.

He paced the Committee room, void of
fear,
And loud to the Chairman spake:
" My side of the question you've yet to
hear,
For I have the most at stake.

" This Tariff you threaten to overthrow
Is my living's only source;
And if you should injure my trade, you know
I'll expect you to pay, of course."

" But what is the trade that you labor in?
Or what is the thing you do,
That Tariff Reform should appear such a sin?
And how will it injure you?"

" Now, heaven deprive thee of sight!" quoth he;
(But he used a more crude expression.)
" High Tariff's the making of such as me.
To smugle is my profession."

P. S.

A FREE TREAT.

" Is n't it a shame," said the Chicagoan, " that a person has to pay fifty cents for entering the Fair, and not a cent when he leaves it? He enters Chicago, then!"

EXTRA PRECAUTIONS.

" I suppose after the burning of the cold storage building the World's Fair managers are uneasy, eh?"

" Yes; in the art gallery they've ordered the water-colors to be mixed up with the oil paintings, for safety."

SMYTHE.—I prefer silver to gold, because it is so typically American.

TOMPKINS.—How so?

SMYTHE.—Why, it wants to be equal to its superior, and superior to its equal!



A GENTLE HINT.

TOM PUFFER (as he blows out a ring of smoke).—Ah, is n't that a perfect silver ring!

GRACE INNIT (with feeling, as she puts her finger through it).—O George! How nice it would be if it were only gold!

A QUOTATION.

BROWN.—You did n't get that Federal appointment you were after.
JONES (proudly).—No, sir. I'm unawed by power and uncorrupted by patronage.

TRANSLATED.

" What does 'que non' mean?"

" Literally, 'but — no'; translated freely, it's what a French girl says when she wants to marry a man and at the same time wants to refuse him."

TO REMOVE THE CAUSE.

PRIMUS.—Collins has admitted that he drinks too much.

SECUNDUS.—Has he said he would reform?

PRIMUS.—Yes.

SECUNDUS.—What's his idea — Keeley Cure?

PRIMUS.—No; he will vote with the Prohibitionists hereafter.

THE AVERAGE OFFICE-SEEKER.

" So Jobson has asked the President to give him an English consulship? On what does he base his claims?"

" On his ability to speak the language."

THE SCORE.

IF SHE feels a moment's sorrow,
Is it strange that she should grieve?
For Alphonse has said to-morrow
He must take reluctant leave.

They have spooned and they have flirted,
They have played the loving game
Till the hotel was deserted,
And the tender parting came.

For the Autumn is beginning,
And the Summer sport is done;
They have reached the final inning,
And the score is — One and One!

Harry Romaine.



EVERY CENT COUNTS.

MRS. DOGOOD.—You won't buy candy with it — will you?
BOY.—Nope. I'm saving up ter buy me a beer.

EDITOR.—To-morrow will be Sunday, and I want you to go over and make a full report of Dr. Tabernacle, and —

REPORTER.—Yes, sir.

EDITOR.—Take your kodak along, and be sure to get enough of the sermon to explain the pictures.



" SHAKE! OLD fellow," said the pillow to the sword, who had been relating some thrilling experiences in battle. " I know what it is to be in a fight."



RESTORING "PROSPERITY."
THE REPUBLICAN VANDALS DAMAGED IT BADLY; BUT IT WILL SOON BE AS SOUND AS EVER, AGAIN.

PUCK.





BREAKING IT GENTLY.

WILL HAVER.—Well, so far, we have been able to keep our engagement secret.

MAY BLUME.—Yes; I had a proposal from Mr. Robinson yesterday.

WILL HAVER.—Indeed! What did you say to the poor fellow?

MAY BLUME.—Well, of course, I tried to treat him with all possible consideration. I said that I regretted that a previous engagement made it impossible.

THE SAGE'S LAMENT.

N THE grove of Academus a solitary student communed with himself.

His tunic hung in unstudied grace, and his sandals had not been blacked for a week. His thoughts were obviously not concerned with his apparel, or he would certainly have untwisted his suspenders.

“ Rationalism! ” he bitterly exclaimed; “ whither hast thou brought me? Through all my thinking years have I scorned revelation, and clung to pure reason. Now, at last — ”

The student buried his face in his hands.

“ — I see the futility of it all. Here I am, thirty-five years old, and don't know how to eat green corn off the cob! ”

In his misery he groaned aloud.

IT HAD THAT LOOK.

“ This note from the editor,” said Spaceryt, “ looks to me very much like a freeze-out.”

“ What does he say? ” asked the office-boy.

“ Hereafter he wants me to do yachting in Winter, and skating contests in Summer.”

EXPLAINED.

PIKE.—What is the meaning of that saying, “ He gives twice who gives quickly? ”

DYKE.—It means that he generally gives twice as much as the fellow who doesn't give quickly.

IT IS the man who is always getting left that talks most about his rights.

MOST OF the things that “ everybody knows ” are not true at all.

OH! NOW we have the month of Sept.,
And soon it will be Oct.;
Then all the Summer clothes we've kept
May just as well be hocked.

LAID ASIDE FOR SUMMER.

MISSIONARY.—Here you are massacring people after the old sinful fashion. Have you renounced Christianity?

ABORIGINE.—Oh, dear, no! I was only taking a Summer vacation.

A BIG BARGAIN.

WILLIAM ANN.—You have n't got a cook here that would weigh, say, two hundred pounds, have you?

INTELLIGENCE LADY.—Mercy, no! Why must you have such a big one?

WILLIAM ANN.—My wife bought a 48 corset for eight cents, and she wants a cook she can give it to.

GAUNT POVERTY.

DOLAN.—Sure, ould England's goin' down fasht. It's poverty-stricken they are!

DOOLEY.—Is that so?

DOLAN.—I hov it in black an' white. Th' paper says only wan person in wan hoondred an' siventy-five gits arristed for drunkenness in a whole year.



LADY PATRON.—Before I sit in this costume I want to know if it is possible for some advertising fiend to get hold of the picture?

PHOTOGRAPHER.—I can arrange it, Madam, for only five dollars more a dozen.

THE GOLDEN rule is an arrangement for drawing a line of conduct for other people.

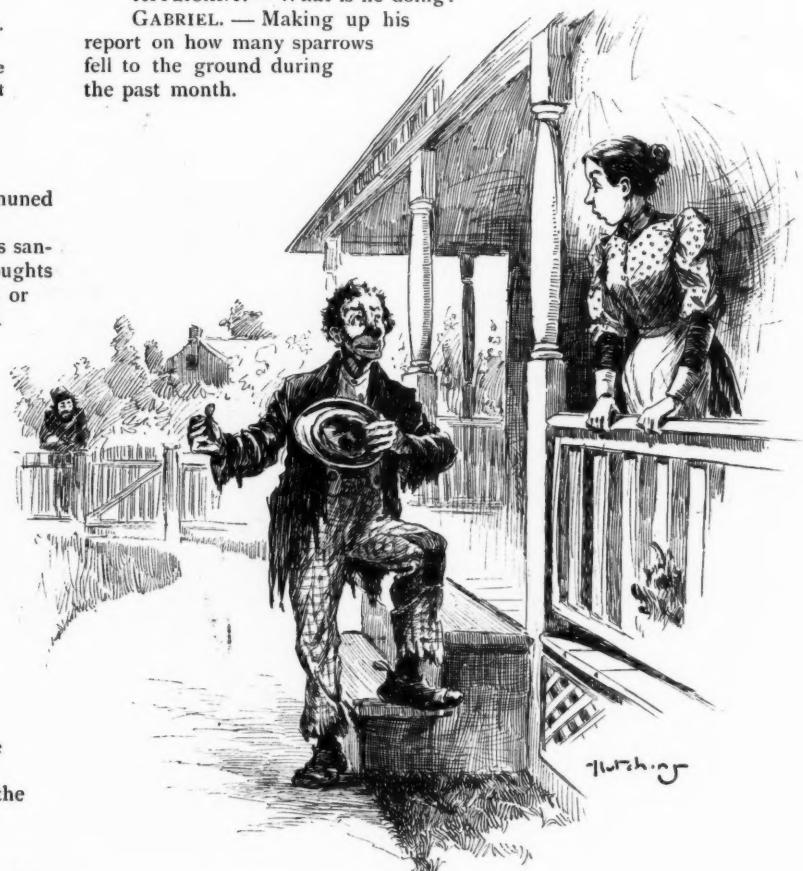
GABRIEL.—Well, what can I do for you?

APPLICANT.—I want to see St. Peter.

GABRIEL.—Engaged on important work, and can't be bothered just now.

APPLICANT.—What is he doing?

GABRIEL.—Making up his report on how many sparrows fell to the ground during the past month.



TO SETTLE A BET.

DUSTY RHODES.—I stopped to see if you would give me the recipe you use for mince pies.

MRS. DOGOOD.—The idea! What do you want of it?

DUSTY RHODES.—Fitz William tried to make me believe you used three cups of Portland cement to one of molasses; and I said you did n't.

WRITING STORIES.



HOSE WHO have had no experience in architecture think it easy to "invent some new and delicious design;" and the unversed imagine, perhaps, that the novelist who is at liberty to invent anything, and to place his characters in any situation — with the ease of the president of a business college — must feel like a king.

But there are matters and things which "give salutation to the sportive blood" of the novelist; and that the story-writer by no means feels like a king may be brought to the mind of the lay reader with astonishing force if he will but lift his eyes from the middle of some tale that he admires, and ask himself, "How would I complete this novel in such a way as to sustain its interest?"

I often feel the divine passion to write a work of genius. I sit me down to construct my plot, and this is the way I proceed. I do not give my plan as an example to be followed, for it is a perfect failure:

I pick out a nice young man as a hero, and a nice young woman as a heroine. My idea is to have them fall in love, have a tiff or two, become separated under gloomy circumstances, and, finally, with gentle murmur, glide into the Elysium of matrimony. I am, for the time, engaged in marriage brokerage, and I know that if I get my couple married in proper form I shall have my fee.

But I can not manage my plot. It is always thus — having my hero and heroine, I can not get them within speaking distance of each other. If they live not a block apart, there is a chasm between them, and in horror I foresee their lives running on in two parallel lines which never meet.

I can not have the young man see the lady at her window for a year, and fall in love that way — there is no excitement in that. I can not have the heroine carried swiftly by on a runaway horse, to be safely landed in the young man's arms — that is too old. I can not have the twain meet at a party — people never say anything at parties. Suppose that a brilliant thought strikes me of having them meet on a river where the young woman falls into the water. Good! I imagine the youth plunging in and rescuing her. But suppose he gets her out, what then? Why, then they go to their different homes to dry off — and there they are, as far apart as ever. Suppose the hero goes to visit his "college friend," the brother of the heroine — as likely as not, the girl will be away from home. She has to be expected back. But what is the excitement of expecting a girl you do not know?

If, after long grief and pain, I contrive to get my pair on a speaking acquaintance, what shall I give them to talk about so that the reader will perceive that they are gradually falling in love? I hate to have to explain the whole thing, saying, "Now she is half in love; now she is three-quarters," and so forth. But what other way is there? There is no rule of language which makes certain words love-words, and certain other words the speech of a young woman who is remaining true to an Unknown. Perhaps love will not be shown by words at all. I was in love once, myself; I did not need to say anything; keen observers said they could tell just from the way I looked that I was in love; they said I looked like a sick calf. But, in writing, I can not briefly depict such faint shades of change in appearance. Conversations are meaningless. If the hero says, "I think your brother will go away to-day," how am I to let the reader know that this raises a little flutter of delight in the heroine's breast?

And these are not all the difficulties. After I have demonstrated that my lovers are actually in love, how am I to make the reader care a continental whether they are or not?

Sometimes I relate my story in the first person, always casting my-



NATURAL ADVANTAGES.

SAM LEE (*taking his dip*).— Chinaman alle samee much smart lan Melican man! Chinaman no need life-pleserver.

self as the lover, trusting by this device to give the love-scenes vivacity. But the girl does n't seem to care for me, and I do not care for the girl. In fact, we can hardly get up interest enough to be decently polite to each other.

Of course I have to have other characters in my story. They are sweet flowers. I do not know why it is — my funny men never have a chance to be funny; and there is never an opportunity for my noble characters to do anything noble. As for the villains — a man ought to make better villains out of cotton-batten. When I write a personal narrative I come in conflict with these monsters. I suppose that when I reach these terrible scenes my readers sit back and laugh till the tears run down their cheeks. In a recent production (not yet accepted) I follow three masked men into a deserted house at midnight; I follow them stealthily up the creaking stair;

I follow them through ancient corridors, — and, finally, I whip the whole gang. For a simple citizen thus to overcome three low-browed villains (any one of whom would under the circumstances have eaten him up) would usually be counted no slight task; but the three men are only three of my cotton-batten villains, and everybody knows it. In another story I knock out four men, blushing all the while to think what a fraud I am to claim any credit for it.

In all these personal stories I marry a girl, sometimes one kind of girl, sometimes another. In one, I marry the petted daughter of a millionaire iron king; he loads me with gifts, making me his head manager, and the certainty of my presently becoming the richest man in America seems assured beyond a peradventure; but, all the time, the reader knows that I would sell out for two dollars. Writing stories is certainly a listless life. Just now I am a rich and aristocratic young man about to marry a country girl. I suppose she will make me a nice wife, and all that; but, of course, I don't care whether she does or not, and neither does the reader.

Williston Fish.



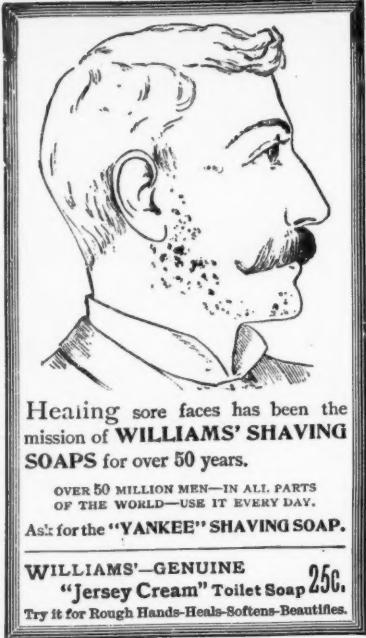
NOT COMMENDATORY.

DAUGHTER (*pleading for her lover*).— But, Father, I'm sure it's not my money he is after. He says he would marry me if I were ever so poor!

STERN AND PROSAIC PARENT.— Yes; he looks as if he had no better sense.

SHE.— Before I answer I want to ask you one question.

SUITOR (*impatiently*).— Yes, yes — it's on straight.



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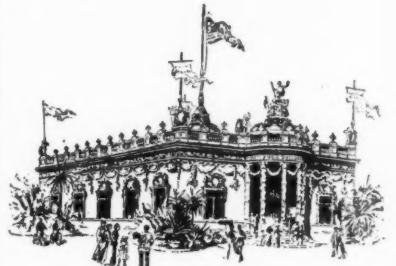
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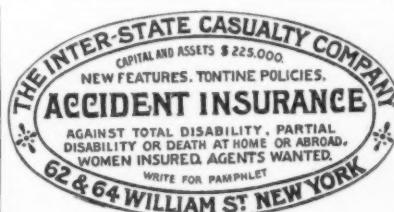


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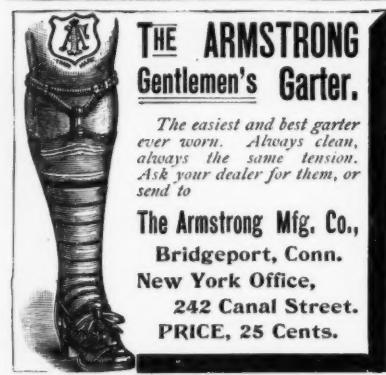


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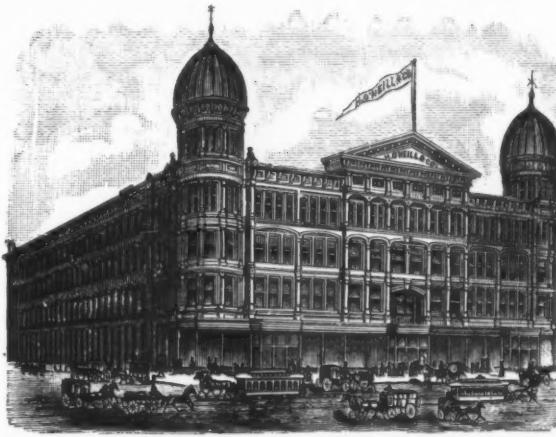
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A PUZZLER

HAYES EAD (*as he views the electric launch*).—Them cable keers were queer enough, but a cable boat! That gits me.—*World's Fair Buck*

Now that the Building and Loan Associations make it possible to secure a Home by monthly payments which are about equal to rent, the selection of a suitable location which will combine the advantages of health, convenience to the city, frequent trains and low fares, is the important point to determine. Hasbrouck Heights, Hackensack, Fairmount, River Edge, New Milford, Oradell, Etna, Westwood, Hillsdale, Hillsdale Manor, Woodcliff and Park Ridge, located in Northern New Jersey, on line of *New Jersey & New York R. R.*, possess superior advantages for Suburban Homes. Take your wife with you for a day's outing, visit any of the above locations, and be convinced. Trains leave from foot West 23rd Street and Chambers Street, N. R.



Every Anarchist caught making incendiary speeches should be taken into custody, and —



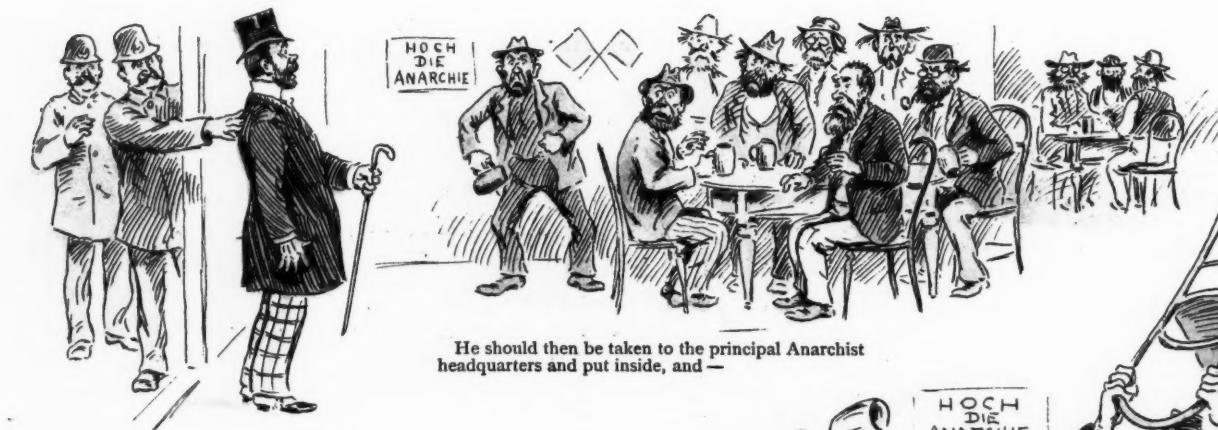
Thoroughly washed; —



His hair and whiskers should be cut, —



and he should be dressed in new and stylish clothing. —



He should then be taken to the principal Anarchist headquarters and put inside, and —



His Anarchist brethren, thinking he has become a "perfidious capitalist," will wreak vengeance upon him, accordingly.